

SENIOR WILLS

We, the Senior Class of 1932, after having spent four years in taking and receiving needed knowledge, do not wish to be cast out into life without leaving some of our costly advice and other small possessions to the unfortunate who will fill our places. We hereby bequeath our treasures.

I, Evelyn Williams, do hereby bequeath to my kid sister Daphne, my Torch pin; to Rena Wardlow my place in the office and to Grace Baldwin, my ability to sew, which she has so long envied.

I, Bernard Dorman, do hereby bequeath to any one needing it the sleep I should have liked to have while attending dull and uninteresting classes and to the aspiring Sophomore Killer Roberts, I reserve my coveted position on the football bench.

I, Douglas Fuller, do hereby bequeath to Killer Roberts my ability with women; my permanent waves to Dot Burns, in the hopes that she will make good use of them and to "Snix" Mansfield my ability to behave in English Four class.

I, Aaron Dunn, bequeath to Dale Stebbins, my meek disposition. Blessed is Dale Stebbins for he will inherit the school. If this isn't sense blame my legal advisor, Ralph Dungan.

I, Leona Brewer, bequeath to Eleanor Mansfield, a few inches of my height, which I am sure she can use to an advantage.

I, Ronald H. Craig, bequeath to all the freshmen, my "studious character" and may they climb the ladder to the senior class without falling. May the A's and B's be showered upon them as the many raindrops falleth from the heaven, as likewise they have fallen upon my humble soul.

I, Ruth Allen, bequeath my mathematical ability to Nelda Wallace and my fluency of speech to Nellie Rowley hoping she will profit greatly thereby.

I, Vincent Ast, bequeath all my superfluous doing in Miss Betty Harding's room to any English 4A student and to Miss Ann Leslie, my ability to quiet Harold Roffler in less than four minutes, now a record time.

I, George Agun, bequeath to the freshmen my sympathies to Dale Stebbins, my good understanding; to Jack Davidson my love of books; to Paul Bourcier, my English grades and to Miss Betty Harding, my last and greatest possession, my poetical ability.

I, Lois Curry, bequeath to Dorothy Burns or whoever thinks they can endure the boys' glee club, my place on the piano bench and to Frances Barber, my long blonde curls.

I, Jane Carmack, bequeath my glasses to anyone whom they will fit; my place on the bench during the football games to Jack Ziegler (if he doesn't gain the thirty pounds that he is boasting of gaining, this summer) and my brown hair to Grace Natwick, in case she doesn't get a permanent meanwhile.

I, Lowell Curry, bequeath my carved ruler to some starting mathematician and my ability to get along with the teachers, to Arnold Hersekorn.

I, Charlotte Cunningham, bequeath my ability to get to school on time to Edith Cowan and all my shorthand knowledge (?) to Mr. Colby, for use in his future classes.

I, William Ralph Dungan, bequeath to "Snix" Mansfield the school, because I can't take it with me and if I could, I wouldn't; to Grace Natwick, my superior ability to write poetry for Miss Harding and to the "Ever Popular" Herbert Edwin Strain, my ability to get along with the women, protect yourself hereby.

I, Hubert James Bolger, bequeath my ability to run all day on a gallon of gas, to Elizabeth Ziegler (she has the same trouble, a Ford): my ability to translate Caesar without a Montgomery Ward translation to Grace Natwick and to Bessie Kennedy and Donald Knapp, one boot each so they can follow the example of Mildred and James and get along together.

I, Aaron Dunn, bequeath to Herbert Strain, my manly stride and to Arnold Hersekorn my ability to kid the teachers. In case said Arnold Hersekorn should die before this will is read, his share shall be passed on to Dick Roberts, he'll need it.

I, Pauline Ferenz, bequeath to my brother, Arthur, my torch pin; my shorthand ability to Florence Baker, hoping she can read curly-cues better than I and to Miss Hood, my typing ability, hoping she will use it in the furtherance of her future class demonstrations; and my office of secretary, to any ambitious applicant.

I, Laura Gittings, bequeath all my surplus avoidupois to Roberta Bills; my ability to write poetry to Ray Pierce and anything else of any value, anyone may have it, provided there is no argument.

I, Clara Kuhnhausen, bequeath to Rena Wardlow the remainder of my chemistry equipment; to Marilyn Noland my ability to get charcoal and printer's ink on my hands and face and to "Snix" Mansfield my A's in department.

I, Esther Hoffman, bequeath my serious senior boy friend to the frivolous freshmen girls; my wonderful typing ability to Winnifred Thwaites and my extraordinary literary ability to Miss Betty Harding, who may find it a very valuable aid in teaching her future English classes.

I, Vera Hedrick, bequeath my successfulness of not getting reports for talking in history, to Rosemary Perry; my timidity in the chemistry "lab" to Frances Barber; my skill in tennis (?) to Cyrus Clapp and my irreproachable conduct in the first period assembly, to Marie Hersekorn.

I, Helen Frye, bequeath to Grace Natwick my superior strength, in hope she will use it to good advantage in her future years and to Wanda Gary, my ability to escape talking reports in Miss Gatewood's class.

I, Josephine Herman, bequeath my friendly affections with boy friends to Grace Natwick and my blushing ability to Pauline Martino.

I, Mildred Krause, bequeath all chemistry equipment which Pauline has not broken, to Florence Baker, in the hope that her future partner will prove less expensive; my "will power" in typing, to Rosemary Perry and my ability to see through the lines in shorthand, to any aspiring applicant.

I, Mildred Kennedy, bequeath my ability to chew gum, to my sister Bessie and to Lillian Levella, the right to pay back all the notebook paper which I borrowed from Margaret Martino and Dorothy Burns during the year.

I, Nona Kolberg, bequeath my yelling ability to Marilyn Noland; my extremely low grades to my brother Sheldon, in case he needs them and my fair complexion to Sarah Williams.

I, Helen Mayfield, bequeath to Nelda Wallace, the remainder of my chemistry equipment; my seat in the senior home room to Margaret Martino and my typewriter to Grace Baldwin, providing she does not break the speed limit.